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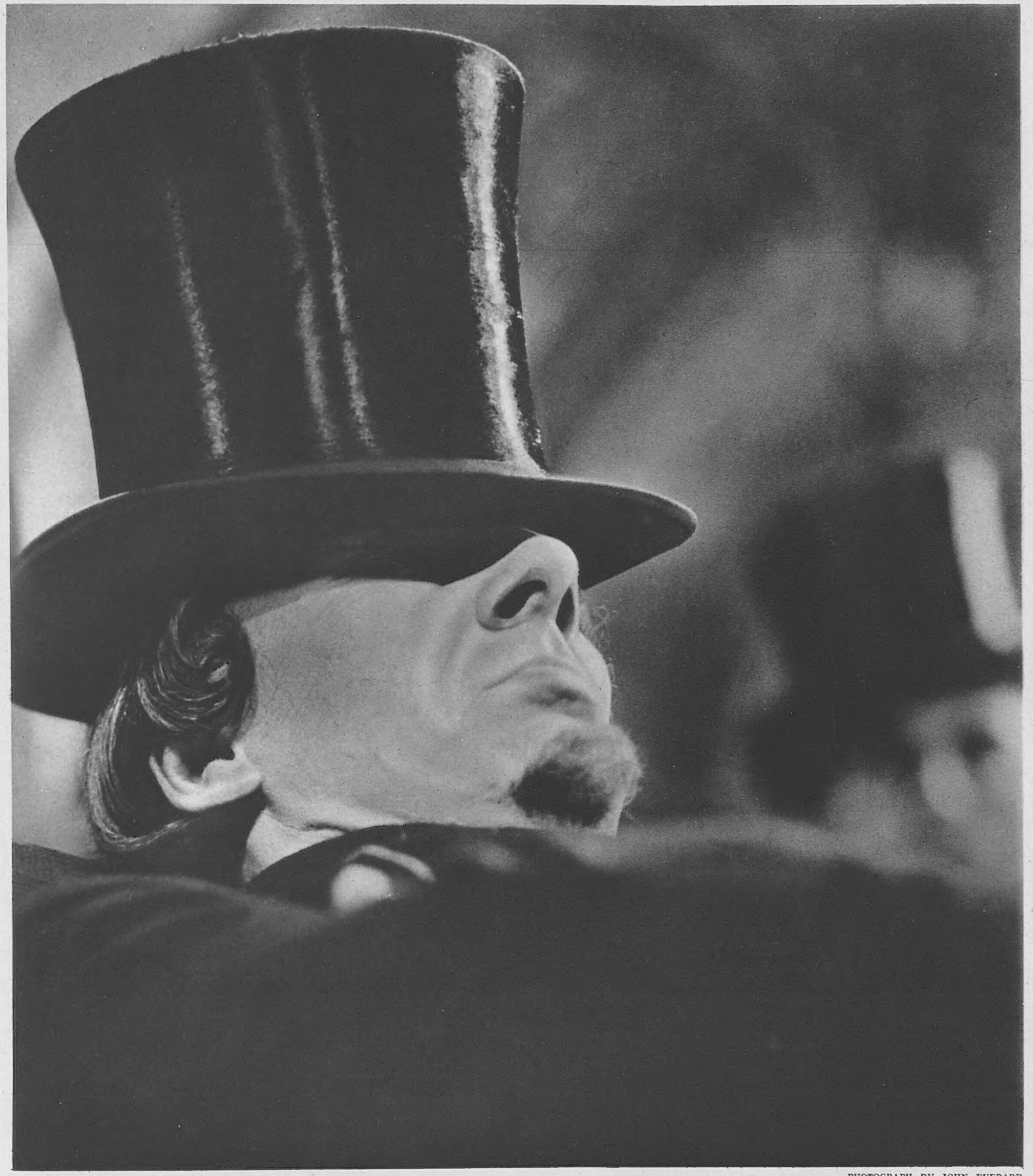
The Sketch

No. 2510—Vol. CXCIII. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1941. ONE SHILLING.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN EVERARD.

"THE PRIME MINISTER"—
BUT NOT WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Here's a fine representation of a Prime Minister who was almost as great as Winston Churchill! It is a "still" of JOHN GIELGUD *as Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, in* "THE PRIME MINISTER," *which opens at the Warner Theatre on Friday, March 7. It presents the story of "Dizzy's" rise to fame, showing him in the early sequences as the self-conscious dandy whose maiden speech was a spectacular failure; and tracing the development of his character through his great career. Pictures of the film on other pages.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

A Human Benefactor. John Montagu, Fourth Earl of Sandwich, was, in his day (which was 1718 to 1792), a nobleman who might be described as distinguished or notorious, according to taste. He held several great offices of State, including that of First Lord of the Admiralty, which he twice adorned. He had many titles to fame. Captain Cook gave the Sandwich Islands their name not (as so many suppose) because in that favoured land sandwiches grow on the bread-fruit trees, but in honour of the First Lord. His Lordship enjoys the distinction of appearing in "The Beggar's Opera" as Jemmy Twitcher, and is not, I fear, an object of great respect or affection; for, having first caroused with John Wilkes and then joined in the hue and cry against him, he was not regarded as a model of loyal friendship. Then, again, the gallant Earl has his place in English history as the head of what was probably the most corrupt and inefficient naval administration in our fair island story. But Lord Sandwich's highest claim to celebrity is that he once sat for twenty-four hours non-stop at the gaming-table, eating nothing but slices of cold beef inserted between pieces of toast. And so, when all his other exploits are forgotten, he lives for posterity as the "only begetter" of a popular form of light refreshment—indeed, he is the patron saint of anything which (like a sandwichman) is the middle section of a triple stratification. His invention is even more popular, and probably an even greater contribution to human progress, than the bag of Mr. Gladstone, the boots of the Duke of Wellington, or the biscuits of Signor Garibaldi.

Off to the front to see his family.

DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

"It seems the Italian Army's in chaos."
"Really? I thought they were quite driven out of Greece."

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Multum in Parvo. The attraction of the sandwich is the attraction of Christian charity—it covers a multitude of sins. It covers, in fact, anything from a slice of ham to a chopped walnut or a sliver of cucumber. Infinite ingenuity can be expended on its contents. There are many variations of design—thus, in America they fashion not only skyscraper buildings, but skyscraper sandwiches of many storeys. This form of comestible is both appetising and nourishing, but above all it is highly portable. Its popularity is largely due to the fact that it needs no napery nor table appointments, but merely a piece of paper—preferably grease-proof, but, in emergency, the "Motley Notes" page of *The Sketch*. Moreover, it is durable and wear-resisting. Some of our great railway companies have produced a type which is practically everlasting. There is no doubt that the Earl of Sandwich was a great benefactor of the human race, though it is not recommended that his invention should always be consumed in the circumstances which inspired it.

Stuffed Bread. It is a shrewd blow at our national honour that the Duce should have chosen this British institution for his special displeasure. Not long ago we learned that it was punishable with imprisonment or heavy damages for one Wop to call another Wop English; and now, amid national mortification, we are told that a sandwich is to be called, on pain of severe penalties, "stuffed bread." This is undoubtedly a score for the enemy. We have, so far as I can see, no effective repartee. It is difficult to call macaroni anything but macaroni, or spaghetti anything but spaghetti. I am afraid that we shall have to go on soiling our lips with these dread terms of enemy origin, only wishing—most unpatriotically—that there were more of them. Only in one point do we score a small revenge. It is comparatively easy for us to say "macaroni" or "spaghetti." I do not think it is very easy for any Italian to say "sandwich." Perhaps that is why it has been banished.

Come to the Cookhouse Door. If all the good food which is cast away by the Services were saved from reckless waste, there would be enough filling for "stuffed bread" to support the civil population in pampered plenty. Something has got to be done about this wastage. "The boys at the front must have the best" was ever the cry, and I am not dissenting from it; but all the boys (and girls) are at the front now, and if it is difficult for the civilian toiler to get a microscopic portion of hard-earned cheese, it will not do for the military toiler to be lightly tossing away legs of mutton and ribs of beef. That he does so I fear there is no doubt. He has always done so, but while it was once possible to overlook his careless ways, in order to let him march steadily on his stomach, we can no longer afford to be so indulgent. Besides, many thousands of men in the Services are not route-marching, or flying over to Poland, or steeplechasing in tanks, but sitting at desks and wearing their trousers shiny, like you and me. I see that Lord Woolton has promised his attention to the matter; but I would respectfully remind him that a great deal of the waste is due to bad cooking. What the Army needs is not only cookhouse discipline, but cooks who can cook—not only good food (which it gets), but edible food.

Heads You Lose. There is another kind of waste which is becoming more and more deplorable, though exactly how it is to be avoided I do not know. What is the deadliest weapon of war? The bomb, the shell, the bullet, the gas-cloud? No—it is unquestionably the motor-cycle. You may fall off a horse and jump up smiling: you may be nearly smashed to flinders in a motor-car, and yet emerge unscathed; but you will not take a toss from a bucking motor-bike without breaking something pretty badly—generally your head. A surgeon told me recently that out of two hundred head cases which he had treated, over seventy were the results of motor-cycle crashes. Every hospital in the country is full of these victims of the all-devouring internal-combustion engine. Other Army vehicles are responsible for a large proportion of the present appalling number of road casualties. What is the solution? I do not know; but I do know that this wastage of man-power in the Forces is a very serious matter, and that some vigorous effort should be made to put an end to it, or at least to diminish it.

Rough Justice.

Schoolmasters throughout the country are deeply perturbed by a report which comes from

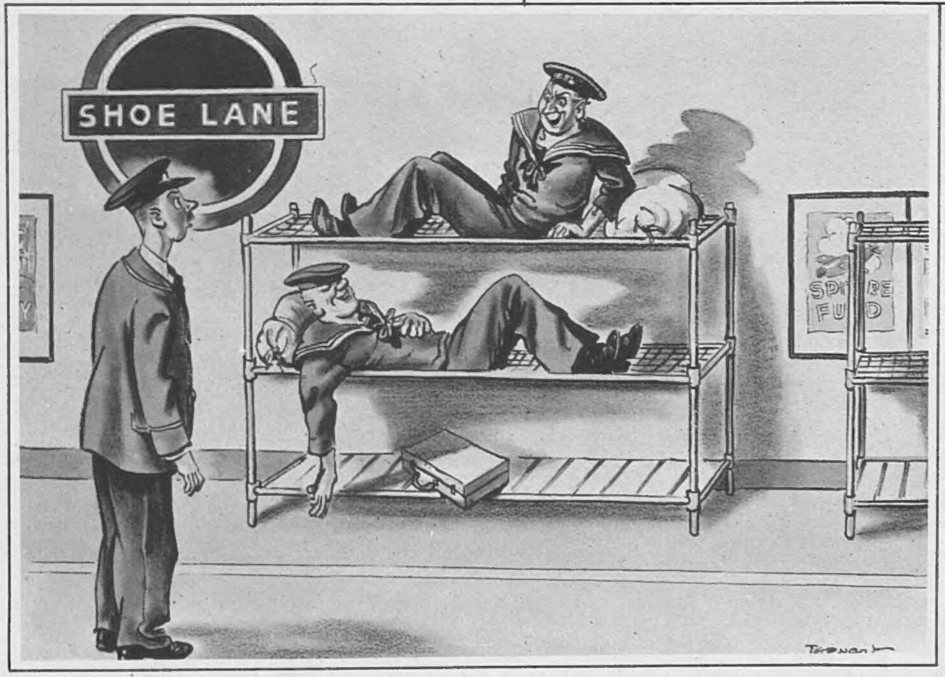
Nottingham. An elementary schoolmaster in that city announced that any boy who forgot his gas-mask would be well strapped. With that low cunning, that nasty, niggling spirit of which boys are too often capable, one of them asked: "Sir, please, Sir, suppose you forget yours, Sir?" "Then," said this rash and revolutionary pedagogue, "you can select an executioner from among your number to take it out of me." The inevitable happened; a large, muscular boy was selected (there was no lack of willing hands), and the master was flogged amid the plaudits of the multitude. It is stated that since then no boy has forgotten his respirator, but what consolation is that? This principle of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a sore seat for a sore seat is a most dangerous precedent, and it is impossible to see how far it may go—it may, indeed, lead to the total extermination of the teaching profession. The doctrine of turning the other cheek can be carried too far, and a mortal blow will be struck at our whole system of education if schoolmasters are to be either strapped or scrapped.

The Bang Boys.

Besides, boys must not be encouraged in their ferocious and criminal tendencies, which are bad enough already. I speak with some authority on the subject, having been a boy myself, and I must say I think boys are very low down in the anthropological scale—not much higher, I should say, than Neanderthal man. Look what those wicked boys did the other day at Edmonton. They picked up a 50-lb. unexploded bomb, put it on a push-chair, and bumped it up and down the kerbs for a quarter of a mile. Then they tipped it out on the pavement and brought all their friends to see it; and finally, lest anybody should miss the fun, they made a house-to-house visit with it among all their pals. A kill-joy policeman then, in the unfeeling manner of the police, interrupted their innocent pleasures and handed over the trophy for the Bomb Disposal Squad to play with. Really, our youth must learn to distinguish between the *Blitzkrieg* and the Fifth of November! However, there is one great thing about the *Blitz* as a form of entertainment—it seems to suit all tastes. I read the other day of a fire-bomb being put out by a giddy Young Thing on her ninety-ninth birthday. This pastime, like some of the patent foods which are advertised, seems to be "suitable for all ages."

A Bloody Assize.

I have commented before, and many other people have commented, on the very large number of officials employed by the Ministry of Food; but if I have suggested that any of them ever waste the public time and money, I withdraw and apologise. They have been very busy lately. They have successfully instituted, since Dec. 4 last, no fewer than two thousand prosecutions. Unfortunately, all these prosecutions and convictions are wholly illegal. On Dec. 4, the Local Food Committees were deprived by law of their right to prosecute; but apparently somebody at the Ministry, who had an important engagement elsewhere, or whose mind was on higher things, forgot to tell the Committees, and so they went on sleuthing down the criminals with unabated zeal. Now it is a nice question whether they have not all been guilty of barratry, frankalmoign and misprision of felony, and several of the victims are considering whether they will not proceed against Lord Woolton by way of Quo Warranto, Scire Facias or Præmunire. It will probably be found that every member of the Food Committees is liable to be burnt in the hand, dragged at a cart's tail, and made to abjure the realm. The plaintiffs had better be quick, however, if they want to get any damages, as Parliament is likely to pass a Short Act to make everything hotsy-totsy. A trifling administrative oversight like this is indulgently regarded by our legislators. *But will the criminals get their fines back?* I wonder!



"Don't forget to give us the shout at Portsmouth."

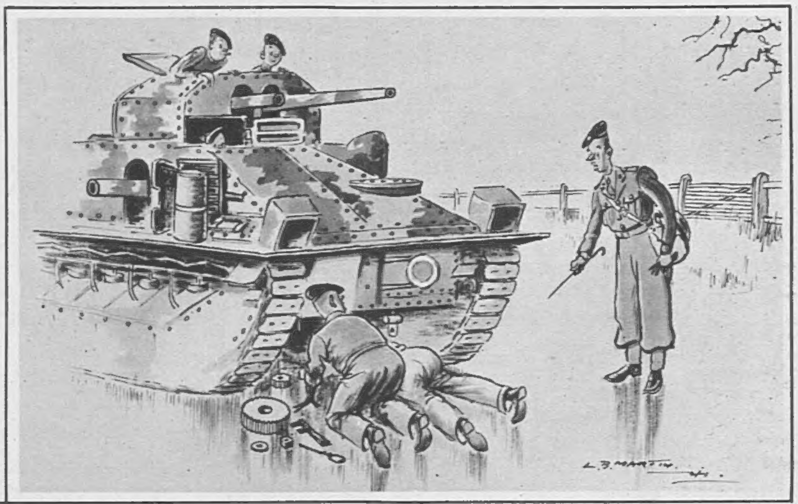
DRAWN BY TERNENT.

Wool-gatherers.

Is it war and worry, or are we just naturally a very absent-minded people? A popular writer once said that we acquired our Empire in a fit of absence of mind; and the way in which we scatter our umbrellas about in tubes and buses in fits of absence of mind is notorious—you can prove it at any time by just paying a visit to the Lost Property Office. Now we seem to be doing the same thing with our identification-cards, ration-cards and gas-masks. It is stated that half a million national registration cards have been lost, and showers of them descend on police-stations every day. I understand that in every theatre and cinema a rich harvest of respirators is garnered after each performance. True it is that people do not value what costs them nothing. Air Raid Wardens find that some of them even make a favour of accepting what costs them nothing. Unfortunately, if they haven't the intelligence to take care of what is meant for their own protection, they cost other people a good deal of trouble. But I don't know how you can teach them, except by sewing or chaining things on to them.

Spring Fever.

The prevailing tone in spring fashions is, I understand, to be sackcloth and ashes—or, at least, as much sackcloth as is left over from sandbags, and as many ashes as can be spared from the household fire-fighting equipment. However, there is, thank Heaven, a touch of brightness here and there, a gleam or two through the clouds. Thus "there will be pill-boxes made of flowers, with a yashmak scarf to hide the mouth." A pretty conceit, but why this gag-effect? Germs? Or are Smart Girls to be seen and not heard? Then there is to be an "almost transparent jersey," to be used for "short-sleeved, slope-shouldered blouses, with a new, round, child-like neckline." I suppose that 's all right, but it does sound a little draughty to me, and I don't quite understand the technical terms, because I always have collars with a round neckline, but nobody could call the design new, and I 'm not aware that it is child-like. I like the titles of some of the models—*e.g.*, "The Gay Heart," "Morning Tonic" (there isn't any "Evening Sedative," apparently), and "Count on Me." This last should be worn with discretion. With all these rough, rude soldiers about, a girl can't be too careful.



"Just a slight technical hitch, Sir."

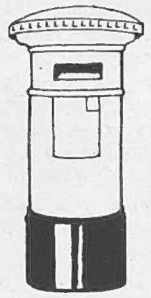
DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

The O.S.T. Again.

An R.A.F. observer aboard a mine-laying 'plane, with a certain amount of frightfulness about, felt a sharp tug at his throat. Nothing seemed to happen, and he thought no more about it. When he returned to his base he found that a bullet had passed right through the knot of his tie. What 's the betting that it was the Old School Tie? Bullets may come and bullets may go, but the Old School Tie remains!

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—I have got a pair of trousers. As you know, I have been secretly yearning for them for years, and last week, throwing discretion to the winds and making the stocking shortage my excuse, I bought myself a pair of luscious green corduroys.

I had no fears of Charles's reaction to same, for he has a fancy for female trouserings, provided, as he says, that the bulwarks are built right, and he waxed quite enthusiastic over mine.

" Of course, I shan't wear them out of doors," I said.
" Why not ? " said Charles.

" *Unable to face the rigours and excitements of freedom.*"

" Your practice, Charles," I said reverently.
" If you could make my practice smaller, I would thank you from the bottom of my heart," said Charles.

I once heard a story about a tiger who, having been kept in close captivity for years, was taken into the jungle and the door of his cage opened, whereupon he cowered against the bars, unable to face the rigours and excitements of freedom. When I heard Charles's words, my heart first of all gave a great bound of joy, but after a few moments' reflection I began to feel exactly like the tiger. Too late, too late! Twenty years of practically blameless behaviour are not cast aside in the twinkling of an eye. Respectability had set its mark on me, and I cowered against my bars.

All the same, I thought I might go out in my corduroy trousers, and started off with Perry in a devil-may-care mood ; but once outside the gate my courage forsook me, and I slunk down an unfrequented path, hoping to be unobserved. We had hardly started when a little figure appeared in the distance. The umbrella, the reticule, the hat *perché*, could belong to none other than little Mrs. Simpkins.

It was Mrs. Simpkins. I walked with small steps, my knees pressed tightly together, hoping she might think I was wearing a very long skirt, but as we approached each other her large blue eyes opened wider and wider and never rose above my waist.

" Say it, Mrs. Simpkins ! " I cried. " Say it, and get it over ! "
" I was only going to say, dear," said Mrs. Simpkins, " that I have a pair of trousers almost identical with those that you are wearing, but mine are a slightly more yellowish-green."

I made a hoarse gurgling noise in my throat, and Mrs. Simpkins went on, " I got them for the air raids, you know. But with stockings the price they are, we shall soon all be wearing them all the time, shan't we ? "

Matins arrived yesterday morning with a heavy cold, and announced proudly that she had the Influenza. We have no thermometer in this house, as distinct from the surgery, but she looked so miserable and pink about the eyes that I sent her home. Evensong, on hearing the news later in the day, was consumed with jealousy, and said she wouldn't be surprised if she wasn't in for a go too. This morning she sent a triumphant note round by the milkman pronouncing that she had a high temperature.

Charles, who is suffering from something very like influenza himself, but hasn't time to go to bed, gave a hollow laugh and rushed blindly out into the east wind, while the Lodger descended, like an angel from heaven, and lent a willing and efficient hand.

When I was young I used to read, with deep interest, in a woman's paper, an article which was called " The Little Wife." The Little Wife was terrifyingly correct. Not only was she extremely handy about the house, putting new washers on the taps and actually cleaning her own chimneys, but she was an exquisite needlewoman as well, a good Bridge player, and constantly invited her husband's Boss to dainty meals, cooked and served by herself, so that her husband got a rise in salary about once every six months.

For nearly twenty years I have tried to model my domestic life on that of the Little Wife's, without the slightest success : and to-day, as I rushed madly round the house doing the work of Matins and of Evensong, I remembered how she always got the evening meal ready in good time, so that she was able to change her frock and dress her hair becomingly before welcoming " Hubby " at the door.

Owing to a slight contretemps in the kitchen, I was unable to change my frock or dress my hair becomingly before Charles came in, but I had made up a roaring fire and put out the whisky, and those are the things that Charles notices most. At a quarter to eight Charles walked in with a white face, and said he was going to bed and would like some bread and milk.

" But you *can't* ! " I wailed. " I 've made a beef-steak-and-kidney pudding ! "

" ' *We shall soon all be wearing them all the time.*' "

" *Unable to change my frock.*"

Then I remembered the Little Wife, and said gently, " Very well, dear. Would you like me to rub your chest ? "
" No," said Charles.
" Would you like a hot bath ? "
" No," said Charles.
" Would you like some aspirin ? "
" No," said Charles, and stumped upstairs.

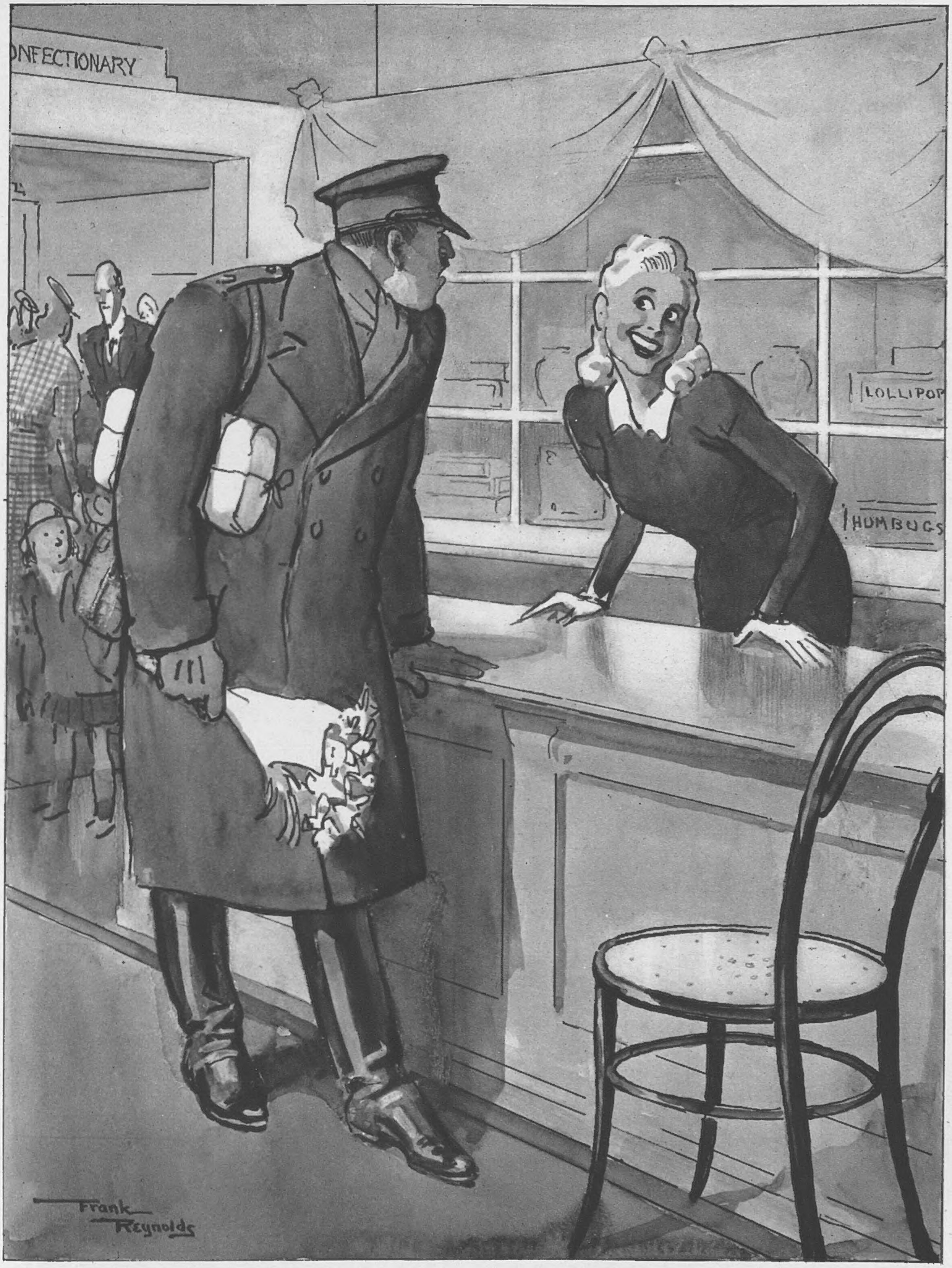
When I went up with his hot-water bottle, I found him lying with his eyes shut and a patient expression on his face. " Do you feel like a little fish ? " I said tenderly.
" Not particularly," said Charles. " Do I look like one ? "

But he had to get out in the night and go and see a patient.

Evensong sent a note round by the grocer's boy this morning to say she was delirious.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.



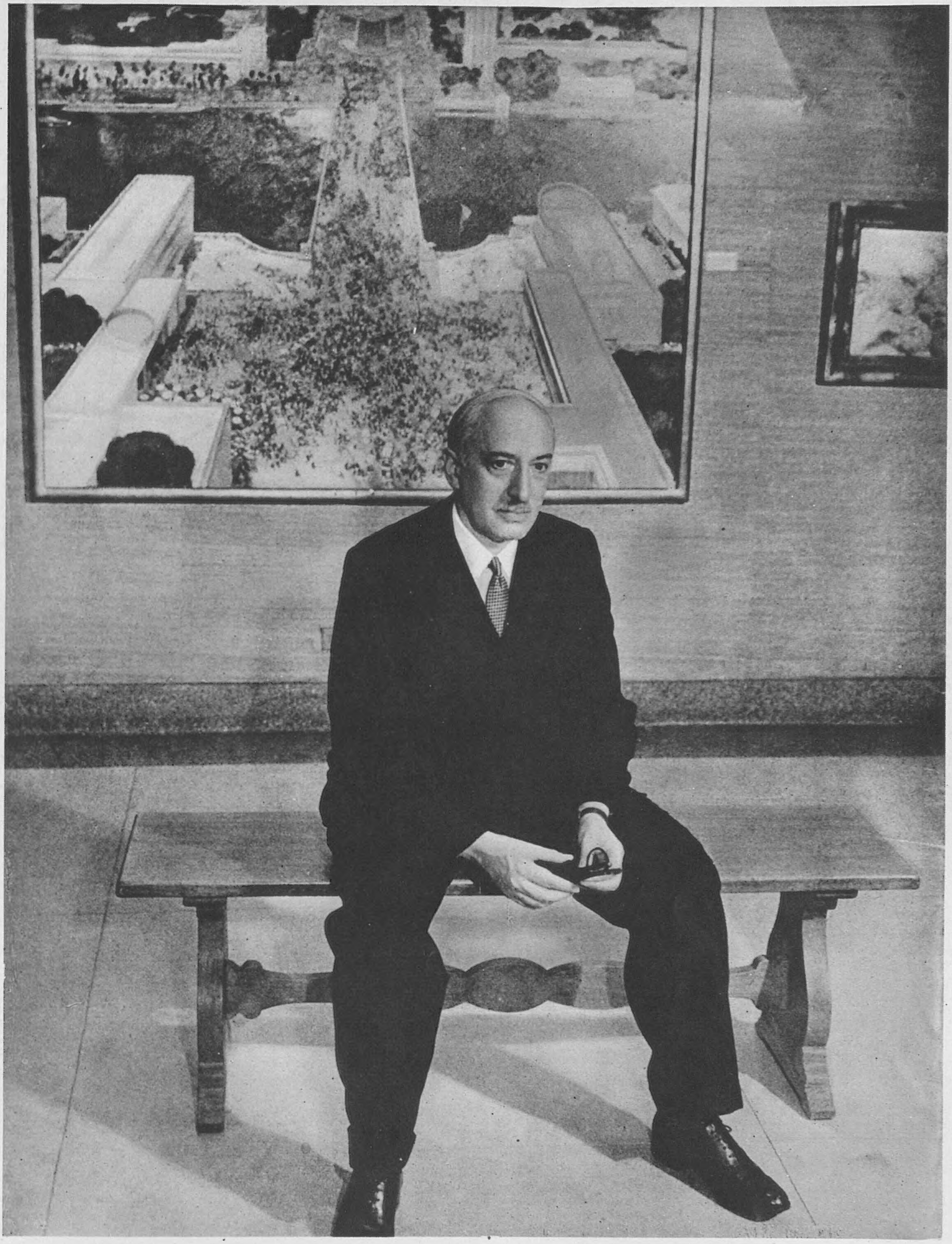
"CHOCLIKS? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! THIS AIN'T BENGHAZI!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

HOW OUR PARACHUTE TROOPS GOT BACK!

The thrilling news that Britain now possesses some highly trained Parachute troops was recently made public, after Mussolini had admitted that some of them had dropped from the skies in Italy. Here's Heath Robinson's explanation of how these daring warriors get back to their aerial "bases" after having carried out their work of destruction on military objectives.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



GREAT FRENCH ANGLOPHILE.

MONSIEUR ANDRÉ MAUROIS, K.B.E., *the French author who understands the English-speaking peoples so well, is in New York. He recently contributed an article to the American paper "Life," in which he put the case for France. He said: "The other day a British 'plane came over Paris and in letters of white smoke wrote in the sky the word 'Courage.' In the streets the men and women looked up, and as the light clouds of hope slowly dissolved into the blue air, an American observer could see tears in all French eyes. The true relationship of England and France is much better expressed by such a symbol than by long and violent speeches." M. Maurois acted as French eye-witness with the British Army in France at the beginning of this war, and is the author of "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble" and of many biographies.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

WHETHER "THE LONG VOYAGE HOME" (Gaumont) strikes you as just about the best film of the sea you have ever seen, or as a rather sordid recital of raw life between the devil and the deep, I can promise you one thing—you won't be able to forget it. I should hate to have to prophesy what "The Long Voyage Home" will do at the box-office. It may prove to be too tough for the times. It might have been too tough at any time. I don't know how much the public can stand of pathos, and violence, and unsatisfied desire. But one thing I do know—as a sheer piece of screen-craft, the thing is eloquent.

*"The Son of Monte Cristo" (Gaumont, Haymarket; March 9) is a Rowland V. Lee production, produced by Edward Small. The little Principality of Lichtenburg, whose nominal ruler is the Grand Duchess Zona, is under the domination of Gurko Lanen (*GEORGE SANDERS*; centre), son of a stonemason. Here Colonel Zimmerman (*LIONEL ROYCE*) is showing the dictator a document detailing the latest exploits of "The Torch," who is heading a rebellion against him. On the right, disguised as a banker to gain their confidence, is the Count of Monte Cristo (*LOUIS HAYWARD*), who, unknown to them, is "The Torch" himself.*

John Ford made it. To me that is equivalent to saying that the direction is as good as they come. The man who made "The Informer" and "Stage Coach" and "The Grapes of Wrath" knows how to use the cinema as a medium of expression as surely as a great violinist knows what to do with his bow, or a great painter with his canvas. Whether his subjects appeal to you or not, you are never for a moment in doubt that you are watching the work of an artist.

The present film has been constructed by Ford and his scenarist, Dudley Nichols, out of four short plays of Eugene O'Neill's—"The Long Voyage Home," "The Moon of the Caribbees," "Bound East For Cardiff," and "In the Zone." Originally the plays were disconnected episodes, related to one another only by the fact that they took place amongst the same group of sailors aboard the British tramp-freighter *Glencairn.* The film has strung them rather loosely together, added a few inventions, and set the whole thing in wartime. It is the story of the voyage of the s.s *Glencairn* from the West Indies to London, by way of an American port, through the minefields and the bombing zone, with a cargo of munitions.

All arrangements for her marriage to Lanen are ready; crowds are in the Palace for the ceremony, when Monte Cristo, in his disguise as "The Torch," denounces Lanen as a traitor to his country, producing definite proof. Lanen fights, is overpowered, and falls over the balcony rails to his death, while the Count and Zona are left together.

The idea of the film is much more than the simple account of a dangerous voyage. It is the old, old theme of man's quest for an unknown haven—the fact that every one of us is at heart a lonely wanderer. The people of the film, all being seamen, dream of a life ashore, only to find, when they touch land, that it is cold, or treacherous, or hostile. There is Driscoll (Thomas Mitchell), the burly, battling Irishman who leads the fo'c'sle hands; Olsen (John Wayne), the husky, gentle Swede, who wants to leave the sea and live at home on his mother's farm; Smitty (Ian Hunter), the mysterious upper-class Englishman, who is trying to run away from his past; Cocky (Barry Fitzgerald), the perky steward, the stern, unsentimental captain (Wilfrid Lawson), and many others of the ship's company.

When they are at sea, they talk about land. But when they are ashore, they fight among themselves, quarrel over drink and women, are tricked and preyed upon and bewildered until all they want is to creep back to their old ship again. Even with the mines beneath and the Nazi bombers overhead, even though some of them die by the way, the s.s. *Glencairn* is their home, and the only one they know. I can't pretend that the England of the last scenes is quite the real England, but these men at least are real men, and the *Glencairn* is a real ship. Her plates creak, her chains rattle, the screaming of the ship's parrot adds to the din. You can almost smell the salt and tar, you can feel the immensity of the black night beyond. How John Ford must have loved his ship! And how warmly he understands the complexities of the men who sail her!

"The Long Voyage Home" is a product of the modern, realistic school of film-making, the sort of thing that the French cinema understands (or, alas! must we say understood?) so well, and that is at last gradually creeping into Hollywood. "SEVEN SINNERS" (Odeon) sticks staunchly to the old school, the star method of film production. The star in this case is Marlene Dietrich, so we need hardly labour the point.

Miss Dietrich appears, strikingly gowned and with a parasol, as one Bijou, cabaret singer and toast of the South Seas. We meet her first on the point of being deported from one of the islands as an "inciter to riots" and an "undesirable character." This eviction, it seems, is nothing out of the way for Bijou. Competition for her favours is so marked and so unruly that she has long since reconciled herself to a nomad existence. Her constant companions are Sasha (Mischa Auer), an ex-conjurer and pickpocket, and Little Ned (Broderick Crawford), an ex-marine who has appointed himself her bodyguard. Little Ned's protection is obviously a wise insurance, but Miss Dietrich herself can swing a hefty bottle, too.

Bijou and her companions don't move far—just to the next island, Boni-Komba.

*The Grand Duchess (*JOAN BENNETT*), bitterly resenting the dictates of Lanen, is obliged to accept his offer of marriage. She has no choice, for her country is in his hands, and when she tried to escape to Paris to get help from Louis Napoleon, the Count of Monte Cristo, who was helping her, was badly beaten-up by the dictator's soldiers, and she and her Ladies-in-Waiting were rushed back to Lichtenburg.*

Here the lady establishes herself as entertainer in the Seven Sinners saloon—I beg its pardon, café. And here, with the American Fleet in port, love finds her; burning, sacrificial love for a young "Lootenant" (John Wayne), "the real thing," as the romantics would call it.

It is obvious to any student of film morality that love of such a kind, with such a lady, is doomed to disappointment. Miss Dietrich doesn't die this time with a bullet in her heart, as she did in "Destry Rides Again." But, after a hectic interlude of brawls and kisses, free-for-all saloon fights, and assorted naval occasions, she packs the "Lootenant" off to his ship (to give him his due, he is carried away unconscious), and herself seeks consolation with a drunken ship's doctor (Albert Dekker).

The Navy is saved, the villain (I forgot to tell you there was a villain, but there is, Oscar Homolka, a Wop with a *penchant* for knife-throwing) is thwarted, and Miss Dietrich croons several songs in her exotic contralto, notably "The Man 's in the Navy" and "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby." What more could one ask of any film?

THE STARS RELAX.

MR. *and* MRS. JACK OAKIE *dancing.*

LORETTA YOUNG *partners* JAMES STEWART.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT *at supper with* CESAR ROMERO.

MR. *and* MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JNR., *greeting friends.*

Lovely ANNABELLA *and her husband,* TYRONE POWER.

RANDOLPH SCOTT *dancing with* "*Queen of the Ice*" SONJA HENIE.

ANN SHERIDAN *and* CESAR ROMERO.

SOCIAL life in Hollywood is pretty busy, for big first-nights, anniversaries, weddings, births or retirements from the screen, or, most important of all, "Aid Britain" efforts, all provide excellent excuses for a dance. Film-stars are hard-working, much-harassed people (with enormous incomes, it 's true!) and, just like ordinary men and women, they like to forget work and worries and relax at a jolly party. Here 's one reported pictorially. It was given by Darryl F. Zanuck, vice-president in charge of production of Twentieth Century-Fox. Almost everyone with a screen world-name attended, and a good time was had by all.

ROBERT RICHIE, DOLORES DEL RIO *and* MRS. JACK OAKIE.

WARTIME WEDDINGS AND AN ENGAGEMENT.

SECOND LIEUT. IAN BENSON STEWART, *Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, married* MISS JANE MOFFAT, *daughter of the Rev. Joseph Moffat, at the Scottish National Church, London.* PIPE-MAJOR ROSS *piped the bridal pair from the church.*

MISS FELICITY LAWFORD, *one of the best-known of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, married* FLIGHT LIEUT. JAMES DUNCAN TUCKER *at the Parish Church, Chorley Wood, Herts. As they left the church a lucky sweep was there to wish the young couple all the best.*

MISS MARY DE TRAFFORD, *daughter of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, is engaged to* LIEUT. JAMES BOWES-LYON, *Grenadier Guards, a cousin of the Queen.*

The marriage of SIR MARTYN BECKETT, BT., *Welsh Guards, to the* HON. PRISCILLA BRETT, *youngest daughter of Lord Esher, took place at Chelsea Old Church.*

MRS. ANTHONY EDEN, *wife of the Foreign Secretary, attended the marriage of her half-brother, Sir Martyn Beckett, Bt.*

CAPTAIN JOHN MAKES McINNES, R.A., *elder son of Mr. F. J. McInnes, married* MISS PAMELA NEVETT BERG, *only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berg, at St. Patrick's, Soho.*

THE PREMIER MARQUESS OF SCOTLAND AND HIS FIANCÉE.

The engagement of the HON. PAMELA BERRY, *only daughter of Lord Kemsley, to the* MARQUESS OF HUNTLY, *The Gordon Highlanders, was announced last week. Lord Huntly, who is the twelfth Marquess and Premier Marquess of Scotland, was born in 1908, and succeeded his great-uncle, the eleventh Marquess, in 1937. He is descended from Sir Adam Gordon of Huntly, who was slain at the Battle of Homildon in 1402. The Marquisate dates from 1599. Miss Pamela Berry, who was born in 1918, has six brothers. The fifth of these, the Hon. Herbert Oswald Berry, is her twin. He last year married Lady Mary Pratt, daughter of the Earl of Brecknock.* (PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO AND HAY WRIGHTSON.)

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

SANDY HERD—*for refusing to let age or war put him off his stroke.*

THESE CHORUS GIRLS—*for being a pretty sound test for the B.B.C.*

JEAN BROCKLEBANK—*for her wholehearted grin as commère of "Nineteen Naughty-One."*

SANDY HERD, famous golfing veteran, is carrying on as a full-time "pro." at Moor Park Golf Club until further notice, which, as likely as not, means "for the duration." He is seventy-three, and has been playing two or three rounds a week; is caddie-master, and has one assistant to help him in club-making. He is kept quite busy, in spite of the war.

THE CHORUS GIRLS are being tested for "taps" before the "mike" for one of the B.B.C.'s puzzling effects in "Puzzle Corner." They are in the chorus of the new edition of "Applesauce," at the London Palladium, and two only will be selected.

MISS JEAN BROCKLEBANK was chosen by Ronald Frankau for her first job as commère for his "Nineteen Naughty-One" revue at the Prince of Wales's. She hails from Liverpool, is twenty-three, and has a wide, refreshing smile, instead of a glamour-grin!

The RT. REVEREND BISHOP A. F. WINNINGTON INGRAM—*for catching two nice fish on his first day out this season.*

BISHOP WINNINGTON INGRAM, late Bishop of London (centre), has been a very keen fisherman all his life. On February 10, his first time out this season, he caught two fine salmon, one of 26 lb. and one of 19 lb. He hopes to leave for Scotland soon with rod and reel, to continue the good work. On the right of the picture is MR. C. W. RANDALL, J.P., of Bournemouth.

THIS GIRL—*for making our mouths water with onions which won't make any cook's eyes do the same.*

THE GIRL WITH THE ONIONS was photographed at the Royal Horticultural Show of flowers and vegetables last week. The gigantic onions she holds are to be planted for seed after having been exhibited at other exhibitions at Birmingham and Plymouth. Some of them measure 15 in. round the waist, and weigh 3 lb. or more.

THE GIRLS from the BEAL SCHOOL, ILFORD, were evacuated some forty miles away, and they thought they would celebrate Shrove Tuesday in the old-fashioned way.

THESE SCHOOLGIRLS—*for falling in to toss pancakes on the command of their chef.*

OPERATIONS ROOM AT A FIGHTER STATION: *a scene which recalls a casino, owing to the rakes which the members of the W.A.A.F. use to move the symbols representing aeroplanes or ships to the exact spot required on the large squared map.*

Early Sunday-morning scene at a fighter station to which Polish airmen are attached: FILING INTO MASS IN A HANGAR.

POLISH ARTIST VIEWS R.A.F. AT WORK AND GOING TO WORSHIP.

FELIKS TOPOLSKI, Official Artist to the Polish Forces in England, has this week recorded two interesting scenes at a fighter station to which a Polish squadron is attached. His drawing of the Operations Room is a notable impression of a most important side of R.A.F. work. From this room, squadrons are controlled when in action by means of radio-telephony. The Chief Controller sits in a rostrum. He receives reports direct from the fighter pilots in the air, whereby all information of the actual position is co-ordinated in the room, and orders are issued to our airmen. Upon the large squared map is recorded every move in the various positions as they occur, the counters which represent machines or ships being moved to the exact spot by W.A.A.F.s, who use rakes like those of croupiers in a casino. In contrast to the tense activity of the Control Room is the drawing which shows Polish airmen streaming into early morning Mass.

DRAWINGS BY FELIKS TOPOLSKI.

BRAVE MEN HONOURED, WAR-WORK, U.S.A. GIFTS, SOME PLEASANT

SQUADRON LEADER T. S. RIVETT-CARNAC, *of South Africa, received the D.F.C. at a recent Investiture. He is with* MRS. GORDON, SQUADRON LEADER V. MITCHELL, *also awarded the D.F.C.,* CAPTAIN MITCHELL, *and* MISS MITCHELL.

Not a new game, but a group of officer-teachers being shown a simple method of INSTRUCTING TROOPS IN COMPASS-READING. *The movable pegs stand for points.*

MISS PAMELA NEWALL *(left) and her mother,* LADY CLAUD HAMILTON, *are doing splendid work with a Y.M.C.A. mobile tea car.*

MISS MARY CLARE *presented the first batch of presents from American children of the Junior Red Cross to British children. The ceremony took place at the Regal, Streatham, and* MARGARET BARNES *was held up to the "mike" by Miss Clare to wireless thanks on behalf of the British boys and girls.*

CAPTAIN LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, R.N., *cousin of the King, was awarded the D.S.O. in the New Year's Honours. His skill in bringing his ships, H.M.S. "Kelly" and H.M.S. "Javelin," safely to port after being crippled by enemy attack, earned him this honour. He is seen leaving the Palace after the Investiture, with* LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, *who is President for the County of London St. John Ambulance Brigade.*

MRS. MICHAEL WEST, *here seen with* MAJOR MICHAEL WEST, *wore these natty and practical woollen stockings and fur-lined boots at Cheltenham. No cold feet for her.*

Here's the WINNER OF AN A.T.S. SHROVE TUESDAY PANCAKE TOSS, *at a camp somewhere in England.*

H.R.H. *the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *served out cups of tea to soldiers when she visited a Salvation Army canteen in the Midlands.*

GAIETY AND GRACE: THE CAMERA RECORDS ASPECTS OF LIFE.

LYDIA SOKOLOVA, *the prima ballerina, now has a daughter,* NATASHA, *following in her footsteps in the new London Coliseum show,* "STRIKE UP THE MUSIC." *Here the débutante is getting some final hints from her mother.*

COUNT CZERNIN, *an R.A.F. pilot of Austrian parentage, but British nationality, was invested with the D.F.C. at Buckingham Palace. He is leaving, with his wife and daughter.*

SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, *Minister for Air, sat next to* LADY PORTAL, *wife of the R.A.F. Chief of Staff, at the recent lunch given by the English-Speaking Union.*

MISS DIANA WARD *recently visited the American "Eagle Club," had tea, and then entertained the boys with a few songs. Here she is, surrounded by young "Eagles."*

This is the curtsey which four-year-old GEORGINA GODDARD *made to* THE QUEEN *when she had the honour of displaying to her Majesty, at Buckingham Palace, cotton-frock fashions for children which will represent British designs and materials in New York.*

THE WHOLE ART OF SHOOTI

Legs must be posed sideways to the camera as, if foreshortened, even the most elegant look stubby.

A demonstration by the photographer: Mr. Marks shows Miss Evely

The art of taking a pretty photograph of a girl's legs is by no means s
may look stubby or fat if the camera gets the wrong angle. Mr. Ge
in leg pictures, and his model, Miss Evelyn Carmel, not only has the lo
pose. The photographs are sold for advertising, and include numerous "
the pictures, however, find their way into art magazines and have even
otherwise drab array of trousered male legs. Mr. Marks has to go arou
an inspiration he sends for Miss Carmel, who has a busy afternoon

Left: A picture in which the legs look exceptionally slender and shapely will result from this.

NG A GOOD LEG PICTURE.

Carmel exactly how he wants her legs posed for curve and shape.

ple, for even the slenderest ankles and the shapeliest knees and calves e Marks, of New York City, is said to be the world's greatest expert iest limbs, but is extremely clever about taking and holding the right s only" studies for stocking manufacturers and sales houses. Some of en known to appear in men's clothing catalogues, just to liven up an thinking of nice new notions in leg photography, and when he gets aving her limbs in front of his camera. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MORSE-PIX.)

Right: A romantic peek-through illusion will be given by this lighting—the flood-lamps are placed underneath the dress.

Fairly simple, but not too comfortable a pose to hold for long! Only the limbs will show in the final picture.

Girls' gossip round the fire: a delightfully informal study of convalescent A.T.S. in a beautiful old house lent for their benefit.

Tonic drill! The Red Cross nurse on dut

Inspecting the water garden: a party of girls in the spacious grounds.

Formerly the ball-room: the recreation room, with table tennis, card games and darts.

STATELY ENGLISH MANSION

The Auxiliary Territorial Service girls, popularly known as the A.T.S., have now been provided with one of the most beautiful convalescent homes possible. The mansion, which has been lent to the Service by a generous American woman, has fine rooms and spacious grounds, in which a Norman church stands.

ees that the A.T.S. all take their after-lunch medicines.

The mess room: a view of the girls at lunch in the beautifully panelled dining-room

The arrival of the mail: letters and parcels being distributed to the girls.

Some of the A.T.S. making friends with the Camp Commandant's dog.

AS A.T.S. CONVALESCENT HOME.

The *padre* from a neighbouring military camp comes to hold services, and there is an Army doctor at call to assist the resident sister and V.A.D. nurses to check over the health of the visitors, who are convalescing from slight illnesses.

Disraeli, the young novelist-politician (JOHN GIELGUD), is introduced to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis (DIANA WYNYARD) by means of a bicycle accident. She is reading his autobiographical novel, "Contarini Fleming."

"Dizzy" falls madly in love with Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, and when she has become a widow he proposes to her. She brought him not only unswerving devotion, but a large fortune.

Mary Anne (DIANA WYNYARD), now Mrs. Disraeli, invariably accompanies her husband when he drives to the House of Commons, whatever the time of day, for she was one of the most devoted of wives.

Mary Anne does not feel at all well, but she drives her husband to the House of Commons as she has invariably done, and he takes his usual affectionate farewell of her.

Mary Anne, having consulted a doctor, hears her own death sentence. The medical man tells her as kindly as possible that she has only six more months to live.

The great politician by the death-bed of his wife. JOHN GIELGUD in one of the most affecting sequences of the film. DIANA WYNYARD plays Mary Anne, who lies dying before his eyes.

"DIZZY'S" PRIVATE LIFE IN SCREEN STORY.

DISRAELI'S private life and happy marriage to Mary Anne, Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, widow of his colleague and friend, Wyndham Lewis, provide some of the most charming sequences of "THE PRIME MINISTER." He is shown as first meeting Mary Anne as the result of his bicycle having collided with her carriage on the way to Lady Londonderry's political garden-party. She is reading one of his novels, but he does not divulge his identity. Disraeli's marriage saved him from financial ruin, but it was also happy, and when Mary Anne died he was heart-broken.

" I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." Disraeli (JOHN GIELGUD), *the foppish young Member for Maidstone, is shouted down when he makes his maiden speech in the House of Commons.*

Queen Victoria takes the lonely Disraeli to Balmoral. John Brown (GORDON McLEOD) *is concerned that her Majesty should have gone out driving on such a cold day.*

Disraeli, the Prime Minister, then Earl of Beaconsfield, meets Bismarck (LYN HARDING) *at the Berlin Congress of 1878, and engages in a battle of wits, for he well understands the threat of the policy of Germany.*

The Queen and Prime Minister foresee a Balkan flare-up, and Disraeli obtains the royal permission for a secret mobilisation of the Indian Army as a precautionary measure.

The young Disraeli, having followed Shiel's advice to be " commonplace for a session," begins to gain recognition in the House of Commons, where his exceptional powers come into play.

After the brilliant diplomatic success which Disraeli has achieved at the Berlin Congress, in 1878. The Queen and her Prime Minister acknowledge the cheers of the crowd from Buckingham Palace.

"DIZZY'S" POLITICAL CAREER IN SCREEN STORY.

"THE PRIME MINISTER," the Warner Brothers' picture dealing with the career of Benjamin Disraeli, afterwards Earl of Beaconsfield, comes to the Warner Theatre on Friday, March 7. John Gielgud plays Disraeli, and Fay Compton Queen Victoria. On our front page we give an admirable study of Gielgud in the rôle, and on this page there are notable scenes from his political life. Disraeli's maiden speech was ridiculed and shouted down, but he triumphed in a few years. He was three times Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was Prime Minister in 1868 and in 1874-80.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"PROCEED, SERGEANT LAMB" is a sequel to the author's "Sergeant Lamb of the 9th," and it carries Lamb's story to the end of the War of American Independence. He fought in six battles; Guildford Court House was the last.

> Yet [he observes] I was by no means yet at the end of my wanderings, and I may affirm without boasting or fear of contradiction that, before I had done, the track of my feet upon the American Continent marked a longer and more distant route than that of any other soldier in the Royal armies.

Between his first enlistment at Dublin and his arrival in New York at the end of the war he calculates that he covered 8000 miles. Sergeant Lamb was a born soldier and also an extremely accurate observer. He hopes that the "faithful local description" contained in his story "will convey a certain amount of amusement and interest, as being the work of an eye-witness." This modest hope is certainly justified. Indeed, to many readers "the faithful local descriptions" will be of even greater interest than the accounts of battles and campaigns. Sergeant Lamb does not appear to have had anything of the war correspondent in his nature. Perhaps, being a professional soldier, he was not sensitive to the dramatic and sensational aspects of war; perhaps, which is still more likely, no soldier or civilian of his time saw war in terms of headlines. It was a much more dignified affair then than now; and though it loses nothing of its dignity under the gallant sergeant's treatment, it does lose some of its excitement. Sergeant Lamb seldom raises his voice or changes his tone; his mood is characterised by an eighteenth-century sense of propriety and fitness which also determines the style and rhythm of his prose. Mr. Graves had his diaries to work on; they are the kernel of the two books, and may be supposed to have suggested the literary style which Mr. Graves, with admirable consistency, if sometimes rather too rigidly, maintains throughout.

Baedeker on the Battlefield.

"Proceed, Sergeant Lamb," then, leaves the impression of an eighteenth-century travelogue, kept by an alert and well-educated soldier whose motto has been "join the Army and see the world." This question of education is interesting. No one, of course, arranged programmes for the English troops fighting in America; but when Sergeant Lamb declaimed a speech from Shakespeare (Edgar, in "King Lear," was his favourite rôle) he could be sure of a respectful hearing. One wonders if he would be now. There are times, when his thirst for information, and readiness to impart it, turn him into a kind of Baedeker—

> South Carolina was inhabited by a great variety of peoples. Since its foundation a hundred years before by a small number of English settlers, it had successively received French, Swiss, German, Dutch, Scottish and Irish immigrants, all of the Protestant faith. To them had recently been added fortune-seekers from Pennsylvania and Virginia. These races did not readily mix, but formed separate settlements on the several broad rivers, or their numerous tributaries, which watered the country. Each race had its own political convictions. There were seven main classes of opinion: *viz.*, staunch Whigs, timid Whigs, Whigs, jacks on both sides, Tories, moderate Tories, and furious Tories.

The Soldier and the Poet.

In some ways Sergeant Lamb is a liability to Mr. Graves; in others, an asset. The poet in Mr. Graves would not have written the rather flat, though extremely informative, passage just quoted; but on the other hand, the same poet would probably not have had patience to stick so closely to chronology, to take each event as it comes and describe it with the literal directness which gives the book its air of authenticity. Every now and then Mr. Graves does endow this rather stolid Irish soldier with a flash of poetic excitement, as in the passage about the fireflies. At other times, it seems to me, he makes him appear a rather cold fish, incapable of emotion. Granting that Lamb had been through a great deal, his reception of the news that his former mistress, to whom he appeared devoted, had so far forgotten him (true, she believed him dead) as to become the mistress of Lord Cornwallis, and would not even allow him a kiss, seems unnaturally acquiescent; as is his behaviour when he learns of her death.

On the whole, Sergeant Lamb was too much occupied with the difficulty or danger of the passing moment to pay much attention to the course the war was taking; until the last he seems to have the impression—at any rate, he conveys it to us—that he is on the winning side. No doubt this is natural enough; in almost any campaign the eventual losers score enough minor successes to make them believe that victory will soon be theirs. Lamb, too, was so often in hiding, so often on the run, that he could not be expected to know which way things were going. Sometimes, however, perhaps, in the light of later knowledge, he has glimpses of the wood through the trees: on page 197 he gives a masterly summary of the divided counsels which helped to lose us the American colonies. Too absorbed in the day's work to be very interesting as a personality, he is, partly for that reason, an unusually reliable-seeming witness of this, one of the most momentous wars in history.

Effects of Compression.

Nowadays, it seems, explosives will go off in almost any circumstances, but in old days they were said to need compression; and it is still true of human beings that discordant elements, which would injure no one if held at a reasonable distance from each other, go up in smoke if kept too long in contact. One of the advantages the rich have over the poor is that they can separate more easily when they begin to get on each other's nerves. They do not always avail themselves of this safety-valve, however; indeed, they often deliberately create circumstances from which physical escape is more difficult than it would be for a slum-dweller. A yachting trip is notorious for the quarrels it breeds; yet those who can afford to indulge in it seldom refrain on the grounds that it is likely to lose them a great many friends.

But when Julian, a retired naval officer with an income of a hundred and fifty pounds a year, acquired the *Speck* for just over half that sum, he did it, if I may be allowed the pun, as another kind of spec.; passionately fond of boats and all that pertained to them, he also hoped to win enough financial independence to carry on his work as a scientist. A series of paying guests on board the *Speck* would keep him financially afloat without the humiliation of applying for money to his brother, a dull, successful, and ungenerous business man. Arthur was willing to give Julian a job in his office, but at the price of Julian's freedom; when asked for a loan to buy a boat, he did not prove amenable. In this scene, one of the best in the book, Julian displayed all the tactlessness that Caroline dreaded; and he continues to be tactless throughout the story, without, however, alienating

[Continued overleaf.

OUR NEW SERIES OF COLOUR PLATES—THE SIXTH NEXT WEEK.

AS announced in our issue of December 25, the New Year resolutions of *The Sketch* included the decision to accede to the numerous requests of readers and to restart a series of amusing colour plates. In our issue of January 1, 1941, we published the first of this new set, a plate in full colour by Mr. David Wright, and NEXT WEEK, MARCH 12, WE ARE PRESENTING THE SIXTH.

There is little need to introduce this artist, whose work has already graced so many wardrooms, cabins, messes and billets of serving men.

In making the decision to publish our new series, we have in view the brightening of the hours of leisure of our naval men, soldiers and airmen, and hope thereby to echo the high spirits of our fighting men.

But it is not only to the fighting Services that these plates will make their appeal. Many members of the Civil Defence Services have their lonely posts, which may be enlivened by these sprightly works of art.

For this reason we are publishing the plates loose in the numbers so that they may easily be removed by those who wish to pin them on their walls.

As *The Sketch* is no longer on sale or return, we would recommend any of our readers who have not already done so, to place a regular order with their newsagents, else they may miss one or more of the series. The plates will appear every fortnight.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TUNBRIDGE-SEDGWICK.

WHISTLER'S "MISS ALEXANDER" TAKES THE FLOOR.

"HARMONY IN GREY AND GREEN" *is the title of one of the new divertissements presented by the Ballet Group at the Little Theatre. This charming ballet to Mozart's Sonata in A major is based on Whistler's famous portrait of Miss Cicely Henrietta Alexander, which he also called "Harmony in Grey and Green," and our photograph shows how faithfully* ROSE WOODLAND *represents the little girl immortalised in the celebrated picture.*

Continued.]
our sympathy or his wife's affections. In fiction, tactlessness is a much less annoying quality than it is in life, for the reader can isolate the entertaining aspects of embarrassment from the discomfort. Julian finally borrowed the money from his friend Peter; the boat was discovered and so, after an anxious interval, were the paying guests; and the party of four started off down the Thames, *en route* for Brightlingsea.

An Outspoken Quartette.

The cruise can be regarded from two aspects—as a yachtsman's log and as a spiritual pilgrimage from which none of the parties concerned (except perhaps Julian, who was too much interested in science to notice the nuances of emotion round him) returned the same. From the nautical standpoint "A Ghost Walks on the Water" seems to me to be a complete success. How far it is technically correct I cannot say, but Miss Barbara Laub's heroine, without making any pretentions to special knowledge, writes as if she had it, and her account of the voyage, which includes a miniature but terrifying storm, is entirely delightful. The other aspect, the emotional development of the crew and the passengers in their charge, is tantalising and exciting, but not quite satisfying. For the guests, the voyage is an experiment to find out whether they care for each other enough to marry; the arrival of Peter, a convenient coincidence, complicates their situation and brings it to a head. That situation could not have developed as it did if every member had not been extremely, and, to my thinking, unnaturally outspoken; the two couples, who did not know each other before, were soon talking with the freedom of old friends—or enemies. But this want of reserve does not make their characters clearer, indeed, it seems to obscure them; for it is often difficult to make what they say agree with what they are, or appear to be. Still, the theory, sometimes discussed between them, that a man has one personality for the land, and another for the sea would account for much; that, and the fact that they were all at too close quarters.

A Fortnight's Ordeal.

"Hell Came to London" is an account of the first fortnight of the *Blitz* as it struck—happily, only in the metaphorical sense—an eye-witness. Mr. Basil Woon watched London's ordeal day by day, and more particularly, night by night: and he almost seems to have enjoyed the experience.

I never really liked London before [he writes]. I have always hated city life, but if I had to live in one I preferred Paris—or New York. London always seemed so cold, so austere, so grimy, so dull. It always appeared to me that no one in London cared a straw what happened to anyone else.

But now I like London.

London under the bombs is a friendly city. Strangers actually smile at you in the street!

This is one thing that the Germans have done for London, and Mr. Woon rejoices in the new spirit of comradeship. It has done other things, too. Some of these are the subject of photographs, and very alarming they look. But Mr. Woon's pen is so graphic that he really has no need of pictures to help out his effects; what he saw, and heard, and smelt is almost as vivid to us as it was to him. He discusses the air menace from nearly every angle, even from that of fear, for this hardiest of sightseers was occasionally afraid. But never to the point of being terrorized. Anger, humour, and "patience never to submit or yield"—these were the sentiments he found most prevalent among the victims of the *Blitz*.

Here are more of the ANTI-AIRCRAFT OFFICERS. *The good work of the ground defences is becoming a matter of great satisfaction to the authorities.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

Atmosphere v. Plot.

"The Hangman's Whip" is an excellent example of Miss Eberhart's skill. In it she reaffirms her mastery over the eerie and the macabre, and shows herself in particularly good form as regards the construction of the plot. Considerable art is required to keep the plot and the atmosphere in a detective story from getting in each other's way. Too often either the introduction of necessary clues destroys the illusion on which the horror rests, or else the effort to make our flesh creep results in the creation of characters that never were on land or sea and situations that are unconvincing even when explained. Between this Scylla and Charybdis Miss Eberhart steers with great success.

Circumstances put the hero into a traditionally dangerous position, in which he behaves in a manner befitting his status; but the heroine displays a shade too much of the delightful but extreme stupidity which is her right and privilege. Throughout she made a succession of blunders, and the last might have been avoided by even the smallest endowment of common sense.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Proceed, Sergeant Lamb. By Robert Graves. (*Methuen; 8s. 6d.*)
A Ghost Walks on the Water. By Barbara Laub. (*Methuen; 7s. 6d.*)
Hell Came to London. By Basil Woon. (*Peter Davies; 6s.*)
The Hangman's Whip. By Mignon G. Eberhart. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

GREEK VASE COMES TO LIFE—"A WEDGWOOD SUITE."

The Parabasis movement from "A WEDGWOOD SUITE," *new ballet by the Ballet Group, at the Little Theatre.*

The Dithyramb movement, with ROSE WOODLAND *and* PEGGY BEST *dancing to the pipes of Pan.*

"A WEDGWOOD SUITE," presented by Pauline Grant, director and chief choreographer of the Ballet Group, at the Little Theatre, brings Keats's "still unravished bride of quietness" to vivid and enchanting life, for the dancers represent the friezes on a Grecian urn. The movements include the Parabasis, this being the chief of the choral parts in Greek comedy, and the Dithyramb, a form of Greek lyric composition, originally a choral song in honour of Dionysus, and later of other gods or heroes.

ROSE WOODLAND *at the opening of the Prelude movement. The music is by the modern Italian composer Romagnoli.*

The Pastoral movement: (l. to r., top) ELIZABETH HAMILTON, BRENDA WILSON, MURIEL HARDING, ANNE NEGUS; *(front)* PEGGY BEST, ROSE WOODLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TUNBRIDGE-SEDGWICK.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"THIS time of year is a quiet one for most businesses," The Merchant had observed. "Still, with labour becoming short, things may be different this spring."

"Labour is short; stocks and shares are short; tempers are——"

"They are good, my boy. The way we all keep our tempers is very surprising, all things considered."

"Tempers are about the only assets that the Government allow us to keep," and The Engineer felt obliged to laugh at his own quip, because nobody else did. "You talk of stocks being short?" he queried a little hastily.

"They are with me," said The Captain. "I wanted a few thousand cigarettes, and a case or two of whisky, for the Mess, and I'm still short of some of them."

"The Mess must learn to drink beer," his father told him.

"We do, Sir. In fact, beer is about the most popular drink, but I like to know we have a bottle or two of spirits for guest-nights."

"I bought some stock last August," The Merchant remarked, "and the transfer arrived a week ago. Six months of waiting. And I had to hold the money ready to pay for the stock whenever it came in. So the cash was no use to me."

"Anyway, you received the dividend, if any fell due," The Broker defended.

"That's all very well. Supposing I had been wiped out by enemy action during the period; what then?"

"You would obviously have lost any worldly interest in stocks and shares," The Jobber assumed. "Not but what six months is over-long to wait. Why didn't you tell your man to buy it in?"

"I did, but he put me off with excuses about buying-in being a useless waste of money to the seller."

"And if he had tried to buy-in, I don't suppose he would have got your stock."

"That, also, he told me would happen. Though if your Stock Exchange Committee say that all bargains are for cash, it seems to me a pity they don't do something to see that their rule is carried out."

The two House men looked at one another. Luckily for them there was a sudden spatter as if of heavy hailstones overhead, and, still more luckily, the train rain into a tunnel.

"First time I've been under gunfire," said The Captain when they re-emerged into fresh air. "You can get up now, Sir."

"I was looking for my pencil," said The City Editor with a show of indignation as he straightened himself. "It must have fallen out of my pocket——"

"Just as you were showing us a good Safety First security," suggested The Jobber sweetly. "I wonder what it was?"

"Southern Railway 5 per cent. preference looks cheap to me," said The Broker, coming to the rescue. "It pays nearly 6 per cent. and stands about 2½ points below Great Western 5 per cent. preference."

"The Western is the better security," The City Editor urged. "Not but what the Southern preference is a cheap stock. I agree with you there."

"I suppose railway rates will go up again," commented The Engineer. "Passengers and freight will have to pay more."

"Shouldn't be surprised," said The Broker. "This is the season, you know, for people to start talking about things like railway travelling and smokeables and alcoholics to rise in price."

"Budgetitis?"

"That's it. Tobacco shares and breweries generally get a bit scared several weeks before the Budget comes into sight. And we have been told to prepare ourselves for heavier taxes."

"I can't see that they will make much difference to prices," The City Editor argued. "The Government has told us that 3 per cent. is the standard rate of war borrowing. Therefore, gilt-edged stocks will keep good. It's only a step further to see that gilt-edged ordinary shares won't fall to any material extent. If taxes go up, people will have to get 4½ to 5 per cent. on their money. And I believe that investors will stick to our good-class industrials rather than venture into higher-yielding stocks."

"You think so, do you?" said The Captain. "That's interesting to me, being an ignoramus in financial matters."

"I thought you used to be in the House?"

"When I was very young. I have forgotten all that I ever learned there, but I like to know what the *cognoscenti* are saying. My old boss—he was a jobber in the Trunk Market—used to say industrials ought to pay you 7 per cent. and mining shares 12½ to 15 per cent."

"I bet he dropped money if he tried to put his theory into practice," The Broker nodded. "I gave £250 each for a couple of Stock Exchange shares because I thought the price would go to 300. Now they're worth about £70 apiece."

"And I sold a chap's Nomination for him at £1900," The Jobber went on. "Now it's worth about £1500. There are 4000 members of the Stock Exchange and the value of Nominations has fallen, say, £1500 from what it was a few years ago."

"Six million pounds' depreciation," The City Editor calculated.

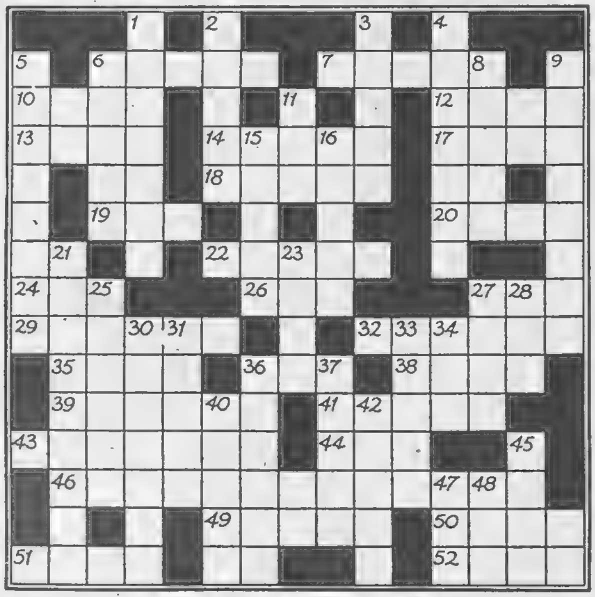
"Nearly enough to pay our war bill in one day."

"Never mind," said The Broker philosophically. "We are going to win the war; and all that money will come back. It did after the last war, and so it will again. I have no fears on that score. . . . What's the matter?" he asked The City Editor.

"Lost your pencil?" asked The Jobber helpfully. "Here you are: use this one of mine. You need not drop it this time. Listen! There's the 'All clear.'"

Friday, Feb. 28, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

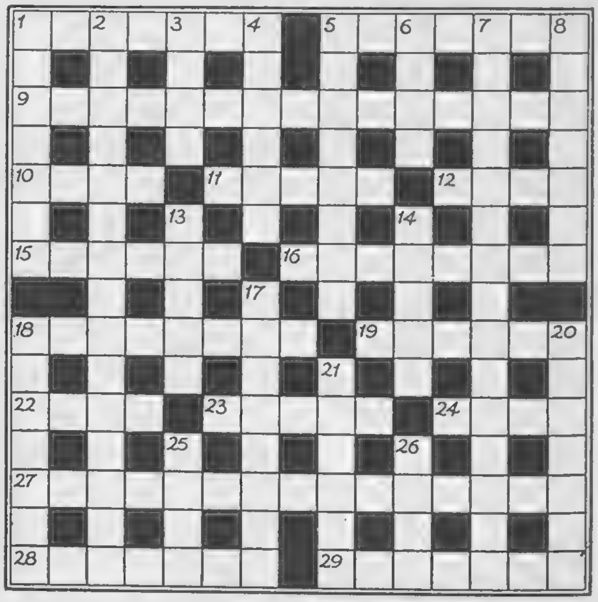
6. This makes half its number (5).
7. Number including a woman (5).
10. Royal father (4).
12. Flesh from a valley (4).
13. Court or cricket term (4).
14. Enter recruit (5).
17. Man of rank (4).
18. Condemns (5).
19. Permit (3).
20. Wine of Italy (4).
22. Weapon of 32 (5).
24. They're this at the start (3).
26. British warship (3).
27. Tree (3).
29. Turn, O brats, to this old geographer (6).
32. Insect (6).
35. Neutral country (4).
36. Animal (3).
38. Possibly a vulnerable part of England (4).
39. Communist talk? (two words; 3, 3).
41. In wide-mouthed wonder (5).
43. Christmas reading for children (7).
44. The war may change this (3).
46. Logical end to a dental beginning (13).
49. You can do this with rubber (5).
50. Pained exclamation (4).
51. They take you in (4).
52. Camp requisite (4).

DOWN.

1. Place of refuge (7).
2. The cook did it (5).
3. They will relieve the rattled (5).
4. Not many suggest a complete cut (7).
5. Like the winner, unbeatable in fire (8).
6. Test (5).
8. Approaches (5).
9. Such a sitting does not occur daily (two words; 3, 5).
11. No amateur (3).
15. This can grow a thorn (5).
16. Presages (5).
21. Note on R.A.F. (anag.) (9).
23. Is about a politician (4).
25. Amicable result of enclosing letter in 2 (6).
27. She's dead (4).
28. Place (3).
30. Laborious (7).
31. Initiated (5).
33. Rare African creature (5).
34. Inverted through material (3).
36. Classify like kind (6).
37. Greek island (5).
40. Change later (5).
42. Green ones are fruitiest (5).
45. Project (4).
47. Quadruped (3).
48. Drink (3).

(N.B.—No clues are given to two-letter spaces.)

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

1. Cargo for closing time (7).
5. Many tower'd (7).
9. Borne, often enough, by negro porters! (three words; 5, 4, 6).
10. Eternally (4).
11. Image of the sculptor's mother-in-law? (5).
12. Simple fellow! (4).
15. One place where forging is not illegal (6).
16. No, not the adjective for one who is clever at bridge (4 hyphen 4).
18. Enormous carriage clown (8).
19. One way of spelling lapwing (6).
22. Composer of "Rule, Britannia" (4).
23. Made up, of course, of speedy vessels (5).
24. He sounds like one of the chosen people (4).
27. Fee of a fellow who follows the fox? (15).
28. Opposes (7).
29. The cause of some of the weeping of war (two words; 4, 3).

DOWN.

1. Unruly (7).
2 and 14. One's condition after getting cold feet (four words; 9, 2, 4, 5).
3. The tide rises about ten (4)
4. The title of this coating is obvious (6).
5. Smart coy perennial (8).
6. She had an invitation to a garden (4).
7. Courtly nippies? (three words; 6, 2, 7).
8. Suggests that only one of the football team is crocked (7).
13. Object (5).
14. See 2.
17. Old convict surrounded by large stakes (8).
18. Broken hangers (7).
20. Restrained laughs (7).
21. An official statement concerning the harbour (6).
25. She won't make a hit (4).
26. Mountain bones (4).

ALL THIS—AND HEPBURN TOO! "THE PHILADELPHIA STORY."

Tracy Lord (KATHARINE HEPBURN) with Macaulay ("Mike") Connor (JAMES STEWART). Mike is a reporter from "Spy Magazine" who has arrived with Dexter and threatens to write up ugly stories of the Lord family history.

The first husband turns up for the wedding! Dinah (VIRGINIA WEIDLER), Margaret Lord (MARY NASH) and Tracy Lord (KATHARINE HEPBURN) greet Dexter Haven (CARY GRANT) with mixed feelings.

"George, I love you, but you look awful." Tracy Lord wrestles with her pompous self-made fiancé, George (JOHN HOWARD), and tries to get some good stable-dust on his over-smart riding kit.

Awkward wedding-eve encounter. George (JOHN HOWARD) and Dexter meet Mike (JAMES STEWART) carrying Tracy home after the midnight dip following the wild party.

Tracy has been left in her room. George, her fiancé, starts to try conclusions with Mike, but Dexter, her ex-husband, steps in first and knocks him out, claiming a prior right.

THE film version of "THE PHILADELPHIA STORY," successful New York play, was due at the Empire on Feb. 28. Hollywood wise-crackers called it "All This—and Hepburn Too," as there's such a strong cast, and Katharine Hepburn is repeating her stage success in the part of Tracy Lord. Tracy divorced Dexter because he drank, and is about to marry George. Dexter appears for the wedding and threatens disagreeable publicity in his magazine if his reporter, Mike, may not write-up the wedding. Tracy tries to make a fool of Mike, but gets into a mess herself. Dexter's intrigue brings her to her senses and she remarries him.

Tracy Lord marries Dexter Haven for the second time! The wedding finale of "The Philadelphia Story." Dexter, knowing that George was no good, took drastic steps to stop his marrying Tracy—and succeeded.

WOMEN IN WARTIME

TAILORED BY DAY GRACEFUL BY NIGHT

POINTS FROM THE SPRING COLLECTIONS

SUITS. They go anywhere, do anything, and in wartime are the mainstay of a wardrobe. Jaeger, 204, Regent Street, who in some subtle way make even their classic suits look individual, have an attractive spring collection. Their model above has the longer, wrist-length jacket, with two flap pockets, worn over a plain skirt. They have gay tweeds, too, in bold, multi-coloured checks, and odd whipcord cardigan jackets in brilliant colours.

BUSY people have no time now for half-way relaxation. When they can snatch a few hours off duty they want a complete rest, and that is why they are buying house-gowns, graceful and soothing, like the model on the left from Walpole's, New Bond Street. This is made in very soft angora, quilted at the waist and on the shoulders, with panels of velvet in a deeper shade. Even now, there are still individual housecoats here at very moderate prices, including one in angora for 49s. 6d.

"DOWN on the farm" is the decorative theme of some of the new spring clothes. Links of little pigs fasten the loose, box-shaped jacket of one honey-coloured suit; chickens are embossed on a black leather belt. A country coat in natural tweed has a rake for its clasp, and a bundle of the now much-coveted leeks trims a gay pink straw hat. Acorns and oak-leaves also make hat ornaments, and the buttons of a navy suit are shaped like wheat-sheaves; a frog on a leaf decorates a lapel.

THE SKETCH IN WARTIME

OWING to the paper shortage it is essential to place a standing order with your newsagent to make sure of getting your copy of "THE SKETCH" each week.

By a Paper Control Order, the output of British paper is drastically restricted and all publications are compelled to exercise the strictest economy, and in future no periodicals can be stocked for casual sale. It is therefore imperative to place an order for your copy each week.

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PLEATED SKIRTS

AIR-RAID SHELTERERS. No. 6.—GLADYS PARRY.*

By WINIFRED DUKE. *Author of "The Laird," "Out of the North," etc.*

DIRECTLY the first warning sounded the household of Sir George Hempseed, numbering fifteen, ranged themselves in the allotted order and marched to the shelter set apart for the requirements of the staff at Pockle Court. Sir George himself, blind and bedridden, remained upstairs under the charge of a male nurse. The latter would have preferred the security of the shelter, but Sir George argued that if he were to be killed, he intended to be killed in company, and Bartoe received an increase in salary to compensate him for the risk. There was no particular reason why Sir George should require fifteen servants—Bartoe brought the total up to sixteen—excepting that Sir George, for uncounted years, had employed fifteen servants, could afford to pay fifteen servants, and saw no cause why he should diminish the tally. The servants were contented, and the shelter was a proof of their employer's forethought for their welfare.

The procedure was always the same. As soon as the "Alert" began, Punchbowle, the butler, rose and addressed the housekeeper, Mrs. Mangles. Was not that an air-raid warning? Mrs. Mangles admitted that she thought so, but preferred to wait until Mr. Punchbowle had stated whether it were. Having agreed on the point, Punchbowle suggested an adjournment to the shelter. The staff was summoned, Punchbowle called out each name, and every servant having duly answered to it, Mrs. Mangles took her place by his side at the head of the procession. Behind them followed the two footmen, the chauffeur, the head gardener, the head housemaid, the second housemaid, the two tablemaids, the scullery-maid, the between-maid, the two laundry-maids, and the kitchen-maid. The last-named was one Gladys Parry, who had only been in her present position six weeks.

Mrs. Mangles seldom changed her staff, but admitted that the war made a difference where the younger servants were concerned. For at least a fortnight she had been unable to obtain a kitchen-maid. Girls, she was told, when advertising or applying to agencies which supplied women with work, did not care about domestic service. They preferred the Services or posts in connection with the war effort. Mrs. Mangles gasped. Hitherto for any vacancy at Pockle Court she had had a waiting-list of wistful and entirely suitable applicants. In the end she wrote to Sir George's married daughter, who lived in Wales, and requested a local girl. Gladys Parry was duly dispatched with the recommendation that Mrs. Nott-Prosser had known her grandmother, a worthy inmate of almshouses founded by the Nott-Prosser family, and that Gladys was clean, reliable, honest, and an orphan. The grandmother had died and her granddaughter was anxious for a place.

Fifteen being an odd number, Gladys walked by herself. She followed the line of bobbing heads and erect backs out of the kitchen, along a passage, down a flight of stone steps, and into the large *ci-devant* wine-cellar, now converted into an air-raid shelter. Everything, Mrs. Mangles averred, had been thought of by Sir George. There were chairs—armchairs for herself and Punchbowle, smaller seats for the rest—a wireless, a first-aid cupboard, a sofa, electric light and heaters, and provisions for supplying suitable refreshments. When the staff had filed in and deposited their gas-masks on a table, the same scene was always enacted.

"Now, Mrs. Mangles, where will you sit? It 's a little chilly this evening. John"—to the first footman—"place Mrs. Mangles's chair near the heater."

"Well, thank you, Mr. Punchbowle. It might be more comfortable there. Will you sit opposite?" The housekeeper coughed. "You young people had better settle down, and the girls can get on with their needlework."

It was very dull, Gladys Parry reflected. If Mrs. Mangles would take forty winks or look the other way they might have had some fun. There was plenty of space for a dance and, including Punchbowle, five men to act as partners. Instead, the two footmen, the chauffeur, and the gardener sat down to a discreet and colourless game of whist, with only counters as stakes, and the women took out the contents of their workbags and began to knit or sew. Conversation, always overheard by Mrs. Mangles, who had excellent ears, was conducted in low voices and concerned such harmless matters as Bartoe's daily bulletin about Sir George's health, the progress of the war, or the patterns over which the women-servants were bending diligent heads.

"How is your sock getting on, Gladys?" Mrs. Mangles inquired.

"I 'm rather slow, I 'm afraid, Ma'am. The heel looks funny."

"Bring it here and I will show you what to do."

Gladys left her seat and advanced towards Mrs. Mangles. She was obliged to pass the card-table, and Blithers, the chauffeur, pinched her leg as she went by. She suppressed a squeal. Wasn't he a one? The housekeeper examined the sock and pronounced there to be nothing wrong with it. "You knit very neatly. Look, Phœbe. I should call that nice work. Who taught you, Gladys?"

"My grandmother, Ma'am."

"Oh, yes. Well, keep on with it the way you 're doing. I 'll hold that skein, Phyllis, if you want to wind it."

Mrs. Mangles changed the subject hurriedly and sent Gladys back to her seat. The other servants knew that the recently arrived kitchen-maid was in mourning for her grandmother, but the circumstances surrounding Gladys's bereavement had been kept from them. Mrs. Nott-Prosser had told Mrs. Mangles all there was to tell. The old woman had had a fall when standing on a chair to wind a clock. At the inquest a verdict of "Accidental death" was returned, the jury adding a rider that Mrs. Powell ought not to have been allowed to mount the chair by herself. Gladys had given evidence that her grandmother had sent her out and she returned to find her lying on the floor, insensible. She always wound the clock, with Gladys holding the chair steady. It never occurred to her that her grandmother would attempt the task when alone in the house. She had gone to the post office to see about Mrs. Powell's old-age pension, but was not absent for longer than ten minutes.

The funeral duly took place, the almshouse was made ready for another aged and deserving occupant, and Gladys, after correspondence between Mrs. Nott-Prosser and Mrs. Mangles, went to her situation at Pockle Court. Old Mrs. Powell had left nothing but a little furniture and a few shillings. The clock, the cause of the disaster, was found to be so firmly attached to the wall that the almshouse authorities suggested its remaining there. Gladys acquiesced. It would only remind her of poor Granny, and she had no place to put it. She accepted two pounds for it.

Punchbowle, who had dropped asleep, woke suddenly and inquired whether the "All Clear" had sounded. On being informed by Mrs. Mangles that it had not, he proposed a little music. The whist-players, yawning over their game, welcomed the diversion. John turned on the wireless and a blast of excessively highbrow sounds filled the shelter. Presently the announcer informed all who had tuned-in that they had been listening to Henry Twang-Rattle's orchestra, conducted by Boris Smellie, playing music by British composers. "You have just heard 'Variations on Entering a Greenhouse,' by Solomon Colemyne. The orchestra will now play 'The Cuckoo Clock,' by Eric Fostermint. 'The Cuckoo Clock' was first performed in this country in 1927."

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

"Isn't it real?" breathed Phœbe, the scullery-maid.

"S-sh!" reproved Mrs. Mangles.

The women resumed their work. Only Gladys's hands were idle.

She 'd always hated cuckoo clocks. Granny set such store by hers. It had belonged to the old lady she 'd been in service with before she married Grandfather, and in all Gladys's recollections of her grandparents that beastly clock occupied a prominent position in every house where they lived. After Grandfather died and Granny came to the almshouse, the clock went, too. The bird's shrill call had rung in Gladys's ears when she played about the floor as a tiny child; when she stood in the corner as a punishment for some fault; when her grandmother entertained visitors; when Mrs. Nott-Prosser came to see her. The clock required winding every week, and always Gladys was requisitioned to hold the chair on which her grandmother mounted unsteadily. Time and again she had offered to do the winding herself, but Granny always refused. If the old woman had been less persistent, less determined to accomplish the task herself, Gladys might not have suspected that something lay behind the action. Had her grandmother some secret concealed in the clock?

Her thoughts went back to Paneglos, the little Welsh village, with the green landscape and the low, blue hills, and the river running in front of the Nott-Prosser almshouses. They stood in a row, six black-and-white timbered cottages, each with a small garden, and a field at the back. The occupants were all widows, thoroughly deserving, respectable, hard-working, but how they quarrelled amongst themselves! Mrs. Hughes was not on speaking terms with Mrs. Roberts. Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Price had had a bitter feud for eighteen years, the origin of which was lost in the mists of antiquity. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Glynn were the same age, both over ninety, and each was feverishly anxious to see the other dead first. The smallest favour or privilege given to one old woman made the rest fiercely jealous and resentful. If Mrs. Hughes had a new washer on a tap, the others clamoured for one likewise. They were all old-age pensioners, all tale-bearers and eavesdroppers, all avaricious, inquisitive, and unneighbourly. They pestered the members of the committee with constant complaints and requests, or accusations against one another. They fought over the communal wash-house, the Christmas tea-party, the annual papering and painting, the distribution of any bonus or extra. The five others were highly indignant when Gladys's father died, then her mother, and she came to stay with her grandmother.

[Continued overleaf.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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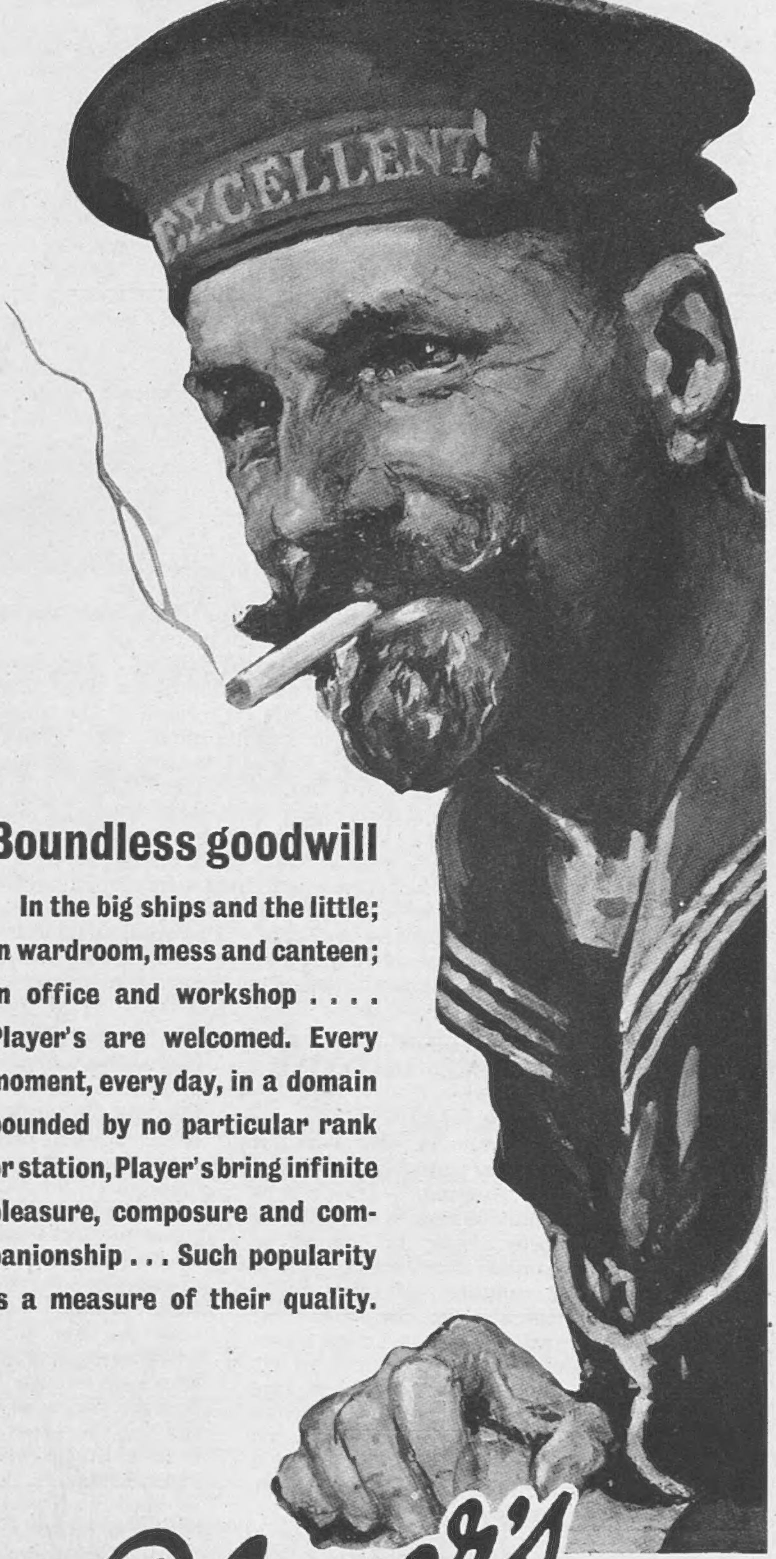

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NCC 548H

Continued.]

Wasn't that fine, now? Yes, indeed, Mrs. Powell was the lucky one, whateffer. In her old age she had secured an unpaid servant, someone to wait on her, a relation, her own flesh and blood, none of your parish nurses or sons' wives. Gladys hated the five cackling old women. She could not go out without an aged head poking up behind the curtains of the next-door almshouse, or a bent figure shuffling out to the doorstep. Where was she going? A fine day, indeed. They spied and pried and asked questions about her grandmother's affairs. They tried, futilely, to drag her into their own quarrels, but Gladys refused. Oh! she hated them, with their desiccated lives, their futureless, useless existences, their poverty and spitefulness and detestation of anybody better off than themselves. If she had had money or any means of earning a livelihood she would not have endured it. She wanted to go away, to take a training of some sort, but her grandmother was adamant that she should enter domestic service directly she left school. Granny wouldn't see how times had changed, and the other old hens, agreeing for once, backed her up.

She was feeling hotly rebellious that warm spring day. Outside, the country was quick with new life, lambs crying in the fields, buds ripening, a blue sky, and the apple and pear blossom along the valley a snowy glory. She wanted new clothes, freedom, the society of her contemporaries. At the almshouses they were squabbling about Mrs. Price having her scullery painted, and the other five were lying in wait for Mr. Lloyd-Jenkins, the lawyer, to ask him if they couldn't enjoy the same privilege. Gladys heard her grandmother's thin, acid tones arguing with Mrs. Glynn over a bucket of water which, she declared, Mrs. Glynn had upset of malice aforethought over Mrs. Parry's newly-whitened doorstep. If Granny were outside, here was Gladys's chance.

Cat-footed, she stole into the kitchen. The clock tick-tocked monotonously. With youth's agility she mounted on a chair, swung back the glass, and inserted a cautious hand. Yes, here was a cavity, and inside it something which felt like a bag. She drew it out, hearing the soft chink of money. None of the almshouse inhabitants were supposed to possess any. Her grandmother, however she came by it, had amassed twenty-five pounds. Not notes, Gladys realised greedily, but sovereigns. These would be worth considerably more than when they were minted. She counted the coins carefully. What was her best plan? Dared she hide them and risk her grandmother discovering her loss? No, for the present they could stay where they were, and directly a suitable opportunity arose Gladys could appropriate them to her own use. She lost herself in a dream. Twenty-five pounds!

As she stepped down from the chair the back-door, which opened directly into the kitchen, creaked slightly. Gladys saw a head withdrawn. She stood very still. Had Mrs. Price, her grandmother's bitterest enemy, seen her and discovered what she was doing? She watched the bent figure shuffle in at her own door. Her fingers tingled to hold that money again. Bother! here was Granny, her withered cheeks flushed with triumph. This meant that she'd got the better of one or other of her neighbours.

"My scullery too painted it iss to be," chanted Mrs. Powell. "I waited down the lane for that Lloyd-Jenkins and told him I was a poor old woman with a great-granddaughter eating me out of house and home, and my scullery a sight with damp and cracks, and he promised me to paint it. Oh, yess, indeed."

"It doesn't want painting."—"I say it does. And, look you, do not stand there. Go down and ask about my pension, and give Miss Griffith, post office, the paper rector he signed for me."

"Don't you want to wind your clock first?"

"No. He can wait. It iss my money I am needing. Go you.

She hadn't told any lies at the inquest. It was all true. Her errand only took her ten minutes, and on her return she found her grandmother lying insensible by the overturned chair. She died that night. When Gladys examined the clock she found the money missing.

Mrs. Price! She had seen Gladys, watched her opportunity, looked in to find Mrs. Powell helpless, and robbed her. Gladys's chin went up. Oh, no, Mrs. Price. You don't get away with it.

She walked straight in and confronted the old woman with her tale, her accusation. Mrs. Price, whimpering, terrified, conscious-stricken, was easily browbeaten. At first she refused to give up the money, but Gladys threatened her coolly. It wasn't only the theft. Mrs. Price had pushed her grandmother off the chair.

"You wicked girl! Indeed, I nefer! I did not touch her. She fell. I saw her fall."

"Oh, no, you didn't. I'm certain you pushed her. You give me that money and I'll say nothing about it."

In the end she terrified the old woman into consenting. The money was safe in a bank now. With these air raids you were a fool to carry it about with you. Twenty-five pounds. A tidy little sum when a girl was getting married or thinking of changing her job. That thieving old Mrs. Price could feel herself very leniently dealt with. If Gladys had liked to tell the committee or the police she might have been turned out of her almshouse and sent to jail.

There was one little matter which didn't come out at the inquest. Gladys had unscrewed a leg of the chair so that it would collapse if anybody stood on it. She screwed it in again before calling for help when she found her grandmother lying there. Pity Mrs. Price hadn't known.

Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!

"Turn that off, please, John," requested Mrs. Mangles. "With such a noise we shan't hear the 'All Clear.'" [THE END.]

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCCLXXXIX.

A WORD FOR NO-TRUMPS.

I HAVE a soft corner in my heart for No-trumps. This dates back to the good days of Auction. It often is such an amusing play—there is at times an uncouth satisfaction about it, for let us be frank and confess that we *do* get a certain kick in running off nine tricks against opponents who, in the meantime, might have run off five or six tricks themselves had they only but known! Then it is amusing to anticipate some fairly sure opening lead, as, for instance, an opponent's lead of highest in his partner's declared suit, which, as a fact, may be reckoned a certainty nine times out of ten. Look at this hand, which illustrates both these points—

SPADES—x, x. CLUBS—A, Kn, 10, x, x.
HEARTS—Q, x, x, x. DIAMONDS—x, x.

N

West		East
SPADES—Q, x.		SPADES—A, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6.
HEARTS—A, x, x.	W E	HEARTS—Kn, 10.
CLUBS—x, x, x.		CLUBS—x, x.
DIAMONDS—Q, 10, 9, 8, 7.		DIAMONDS—K, Kn, x.

S

SPADES—K, Kn, x. CLUBS—K, Q, x.
HEARTS—K, x, x, x. DIAMONDS—A, x. x.

The bidding—

South.	*West.*	*North.*	*East.*
1 No-trump	No bid	2 Clubs	2 Spades
3 No-trumps	No bid	No bid	No bid

Three no-trumps is a fairly safe bid, because South anticipates a spade opening, and sure enough West leads the queen of spades. East ducks and South's king wins the trick. South hurries up to establish a trick in hearts, puts the lead on the table to play dummy's small spade and so gets away with two spades, one heart, five clubs, and the ace of diamonds. Another impossible contract made and game written on the score sheet—all thanks to No-trumps, the only play in which game *can* be written! And yet had they but known, opponents could have made at least six tricks—four diamonds and two aces; still, in practice you will find the result will be as given—game to North and South, which can't fail to give satisfaction (to North and South, of course). There is nothing unusual about these hands, the bidding and the play; none the less, I feel sure Contract experts will sneer and say it's all wrong—they won't agree with East's two-spade bid and South's three no-trumps (especially if one side or the other is vulnerable—it doesn't matter much which). Perhaps they are right, though I, personally, would have bid in the East position, and I would have raised to three no-trumps as South. The play is another matter—it could not be worse; that is, the opening lead of the spade queen is the very worst lead that could be made. For all that, nine times out of ten players make that lead, and nothing will stop them. South bid three no-trumps, not only anticipating a spade lead, but also *liking* a spade lead—the queen opening just plays into his hand. If the suit *must* be led, don't throw away the queen by leading it; that queen is a potential winner, indeed, a near certain winner—if *not led*; lead the small card, East goes up with his ace and returns the suit; South just must finesse his knave and it loses, and all chance of nine tricks goes down the river with it. Even if the suit is not opened, and South is compelled to lead from the table, he must finesse, and again that queen comes up—if East himself leads the suit (the ace and another or a small one), the queen will win for sure, so no matter how you look at it, that queen is pretty well 100 per cent. winner if held up. There are of course, other amusing points about this hand. Suppose West had opened a diamond (the most hopeful lead under the circumstances in my opinion), or if East had jumped in with the ace of spades and led a diamond, what then? Well, South is sunk anyhow! Indeed, at dummy there are half - a - dozen plays that will defeat South, yet I will guarantee in practice this contract will be made more often than not. Hence this soft corner in my heart for no-trumps—it's such fun pulling off "impossible" contracts!

SOLUTIONS OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLES, FEBRUARY 26.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Cherry. 4. Gigantic. 9. Nicest. 10. Imbecile. 12. Total. 13. Caretaker. 15. Ivy. 16. Nonce. 17. Target. 22. Attest. 24. Reeds. 27. Ort. 28. Santander. 31. Horse. 32. Obituary. 33. Rajahs. 34. Tattered. 35. Adders.

DOWN.—1. Constant. 2. Exciting. 3. Resilient. 5. Immer. 6. Avert. 7. Tricks. 8. Cheery. 11. Scythe. 14. Egg. 18. Retort. 19. Earthward. 20. Decrease. 21. Assesses. 23. Ton. 25. Escort. 26. Indict. 29. Abuse. 30. Dirge.

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Sandwiches. 6. Idol. 9. Chocolates. 10. Snag. 12. Old gag. 14. Idiot. 17. Run. 18. Elaborate. 21. Karoo. 22. Élève. 23. Sentences. 25. Aga. 26. Asked. 27. Trench. 32. Lean. 33. Wardenship. 34. Sate. 35. Astringent.

DOWN.—1. Sack. 2. Noon. 3. Whorl. 4. Clang. 5. Evergreen. 7. Dentifrice. 8. Lighthouse. 11. Winkle. 13. Dor. 15. Vegetables. 16. Sauerkraut. 19. Oreads. 20. Alsatians. 24. Tan. 28. Elder. 29. Canon. 30. Shoe. 31. Spot.

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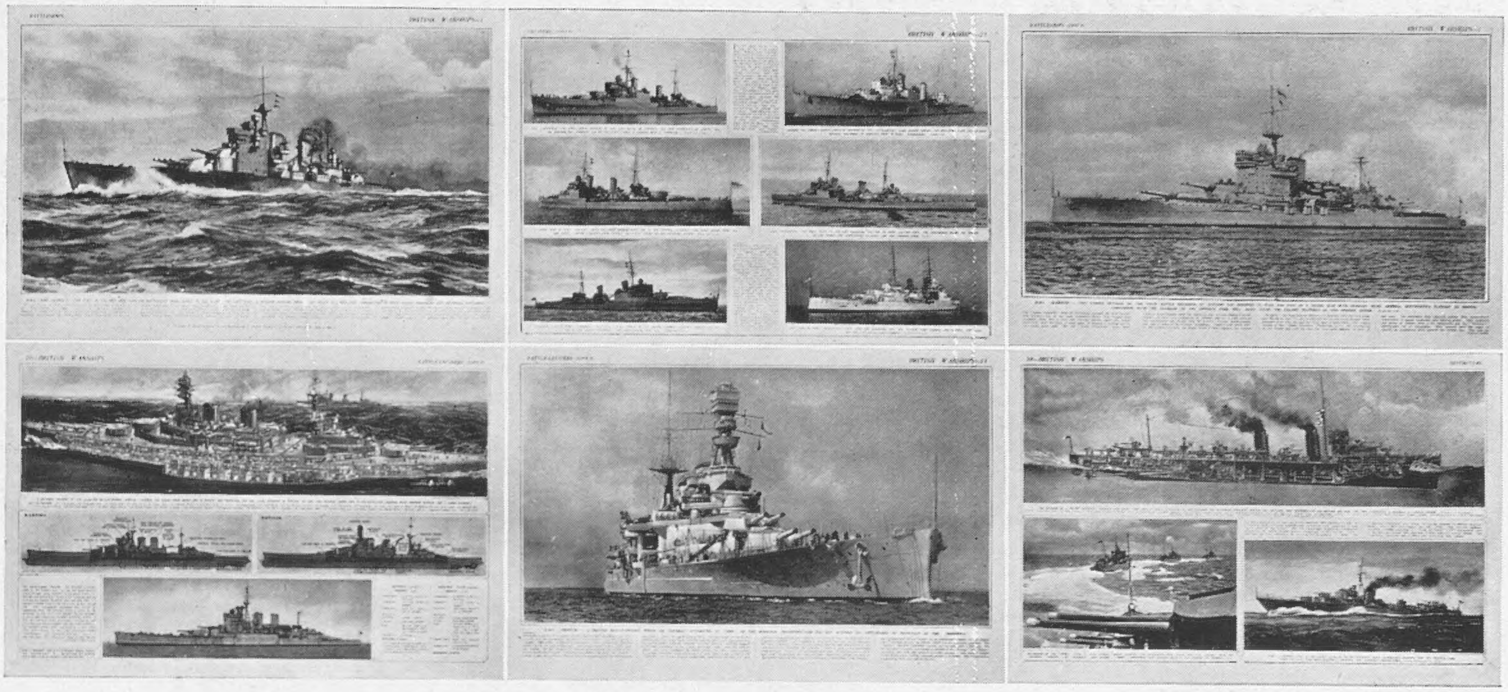

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